

## HOLIDAY NOVELTIES! AT HALF PRICE

A large line of Japanese ware, toilet sets, glove and handkerchief boxes.

Bric-a-brac and children's toys, over from last season, closing out at exactly half price at

**Wm. Curran's,**  
223 Ohio Street.

## WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, MO.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1881.

### A HUNDRED SHORT.

**Be Thought He Could "Down" the Little Game of Three "Keerd" Monte.**

A man from Chetopa, Kansas, put in an appearance in this city Friday night and informed the police of a little game which had been played on him, and which was played by those who played it upon him with three cards. It is hard to understand why any man this side of pure idiocy will permit himself to be taken in by the class of sharpers who undid Mr. Scott, for such is the Kansan's name, but so it is.

He told the police a story which every member on the force has probably heard on average, fifty times before. Mr. Scott was on his way to Cooper county, where he was going with the intention of buying some land. Three men on the train became very friendly with him. Scott was communicative and the new found friends were not very long in learning that he was a man of some means, and was seeking a location, and proposed to take a look at Missouri, and probably invest some money, if a favorable opportunity offered. When the train was between Clinton and Sedalia, the new friends introduced the little game of three card monte. Mr. Scott's cupidity was aroused by those means so well-known by these traveling thieves, and in a short time the man of capital found himself fleeced of an even hundred dollars. The蒙古gentlemen got off the train at one of the stations along the line, and Mr. Scott saw them no more. He complained to the police of this city, but the chance of catching the thieves is very small. In the meanwhile let us hope that Mr. Scott will make the most of his costly lesson.

The Menasha, (Wis.) Press says: "A. Granger, esq., of this city, uses St. Joes Oil on his horses with decided success and profit."

### AOONVILLE BELLE

**And a Lady Friend "Held Up" on Third Street Last Evening**

**By a Couple of Young Thugs Who Wear Cutaway Coats.**

One of the boldest and cowardliest robberies ever committed in this city took place on East Third street, about 6:30 o'clock last evening. About that hour Miss Nettie Detray, a young lady who resides in Bonnville, but who is at present staying in Otterville, where she is teaching school, accompanied by a lady friend who resides at Otterville, were walking out that street for the purpose of taking freight train No. 26, for their home.

Shortly after they left Ohio street they noticed that they were being followed by a couple of young men about twenty years of age. When they arrived at the corner of Third and Hancock streets the two then passed the ladies, one going on either side.

No sooner had they passed the ladies than they wheeled around and grabbed their reticules, which they carried in their hands, and in which they carried their cash. Miss Nettie seemed a little bit inclined to hold on to her filthy purse, but one of the cowardly curs gave her a push which sent her to the gutter. The rascals then took to their heels, both going south on Hancock street.

The matter was reported to Officers Barnes and Masonhall a few minutes later and these officers made every effort possible to get track of the thieves, but were unsuccessful.

The young ladies, who were terribly frightened, returned to the city proper and repaired to a business house where they were acquainted, and borrowed enough money with which to return home, the thieves having robbed them of every cent they possessed, amounting in all to \$15.65.

The young ladies boarded the next train, which left the city about 8 o'clock, for their homes.

From the description of the two men given by the ladies, the police believe them to be a couple of well-known young crooks, but as the ladies say they could not positively identify them, it is highly probable that the perpetrators of this high handed outrage will go unpunished.

Next!

Over 200,000 Howe scales have been sold. Send for catalogue to Borden, Selkirk & Co., General Agents, St. Louis, Mo.

### CHARLEY CAPTURED.

**Moore, the Cass County Murderer and Jail Breaker Again in Custody.**

**He is Taken in by the Sheriff of Fayette County, Pennsylvania.**

**And Will Soon Be Placed Behind the Bars of the Pettis County Jail**

On the morning of July 25th, Charles Moore, charged with the murder of a hardware merchant named Donovan at Harrisonville, and J. Volney Ryan, the organizer of the "local board" escaped from the county jail at this point, by sawing their way out with tools furnished by Ryan's mistress.

On finding out their escape, Sheriff Conner at once went to work to effect their capture. In about one month after their escape, Ryan commenced plying his old vocation and in less than two months after his escape he was wanted in no less than a dozen places for his fraudulent transactions. He was finally arrested at Shreveport, La., and Sheriff Conner went to that place armed with a requisition for the purpose of bringing him back, but before his arrival Ryan had been turned over to the authorities at Jackson, Tenn.

Moore, however, was not heard of until a few days ago, when he was spotted by an officer in Virginia, who informed Sheriff Conner that he had reasons to believe that Moore was skulking around in the mountains near the Pennsylvania line. He also wrote the sheriff a letter in which he described the man he suspected of being Moore, and described several of his peculiarities. The sheriff read the descriptions and they so tallied with Moore, that at once took steps to secure the capture of the man.

On Friday last he learned by telegraph that the man suspected had been arrested and was being held by the authorities of Fayette county, Pennsylvania. He immediately proceeded to Warrensburg, where he obtained the necessary papers with which to bring Moore back to this state, which he forwarded to the Pennsylvania officers and the man supposed to be Moore will soon be brought to this city.

### GARROTED.

**Michael Shea is Choked and Robbed of All His Money, and Watch.**

A young man by the name of Michael Shea, who has been working in a Rockville quarry, arrived in this city Friday night, on the delayed K. & T. train from the south. Two men got on the train at Clinton, scraped up acquaintance with Shea, and in a short time the three were extremely friendly, and began drinking together in a very amicable manner. By the time the train arrived here, Shea was in a rather mellow condition. His new-made acquaintances remained with him after he got off the train, and the party went to Goh's pawnbroking establishment, where young Shea bought a watch paying thereon ten dollars. While making this purchase, Shea displayed his roll of money, probably the hard savings of weeks of toil, and on which he was going to his home at Warrenton. His two companions said that they were going to Kansas City, and proposed that they go to the Missouri Pacific yards, enclose themselves in a box car, and beat their way. Shea was quite drunk, and was without difficulty induced to consent to the scheme. The three proceeded to the yards and entered a box car, according to programme. Once inside of the car, one of the men seized Shea by the throat while the other relieved him of his pocketbook "and his little watch and chain." The man then left, Shea remaining sole possessor of the car. He waited till the robbers disappeared in the darkness, and then came down and reported his loss to the police.

Detective John De Long had been watching these very men earlier in the evening, and it had been his intention to look them up before the night was far gone, although he saw them doing nothing particularly wrong, but proposed to take them in on general principles. Shea's loss is thirty-three dollars, besides his watch. It was about nine o'clock when he reported his loss to the police, and the force searched diligently for the thieves all night, but could not find them. It is supposed that they left town soon after the robbery.

**That Poor Bedridden, Invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer when so easily cured?**

### A Wife Beater.

Quite a sensation was caused on Sixth street in East Sedalia yesterday by Frank Haywood, a switchman employed in the K. & T. yards, beating his wife in a shameful manner. The police were informed of the matter, and an officer was sent out to arrest the brutal husband, but he could not be found.

Later in the evening he appeared at the police station to have a man arrested for stealing his pipe. Not finding an officer there, he rang the fire bell. Chief Shy was the first to respond to the call, and took Haywood in charge. He put up for his appearance to-morrow morning, and was released.

### Public Sale.

There will be a public sale at the old Ben M. Stone farm, 24 miles south east of Sedalia, on Monday January 9 1882, at which time a large lot of farming utensils, consisting of reapers, mowers, harrows, cultivators, plows, hay-rakes, forks, hoes, rakes, spades, corn planters, etc., etc., also, horses, team wagon, light wagon, four farm horses, also some young horses and mules, Durham bull, cows, steers, calves, hogs and poultry. Seed oats, hay and lumber.

On all sums over \$10, a credit of one year will be given with approved security. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock.

J. R. BAKER

### BEN BROWN'S BODY

**Is Lying Cold and Stark, and Well-Filled With Bird Shot.**

**Josiah Barnhart Did the Work With His Old Army Musket,**

**After Which He Flees to Dresden and Gives Himself up to a Constable.**

**Sad Ending of a Neighborhood Quarrel About a Boundary Line.**

A neighborhood quarrel between two farmers, living on adjoining farms, about four miles west of this city, culminated late yesterday afternoon in the violent death of Ben Brown, a well-do colored farmer, at the hands of Josiah Barnhart, a white man. About half-past six o'clock last evening a colored man named Curry Trabue, came to town, and, hunting up Dr. Willis F. King, the coroner, reported to that official the fact of the killing. He knew none of the details of the homicide further than that Barnhart had killed his colored neighbor and that the dead man fell on the doorstep of his shaker. Trabue, as soon as he had heard of the commission of the deed, mounted a horse and galloped towards Sedalia for the purpose of reporting the matter.

Dr. King listened to the man's story and told him he had better go before a justice of the peace and file an affidavit, and have a warrant issued for the arrest of Barnhart.

Accordingly, Trabue, accompanied by the coroner, went before Squire Logan Clark and swore out the warrant, which was placed for service in the hands of Deputy Sheriffs Al. Conner and Fain, and the two officials at once proceeded to the scene of the deed of blood of man's rage, and of death.

Muddy creek was the locality of the killing. In this neighborhood a little knot of colored people, perhaps a dozen families, have cleared away the timber and made homes for themselves. The most influential and important man in this little colony was Ben Brown, who owned a hundred acres. The farm of Josiah Barnhart, the only white man in the neighborhood, immediately joined the farm of Ben Brown, on the north.

At the Brown farm, which is this side of the Barnhart place, was found quite a full delegation of colored people, representing the entire population of the locality, who were lamenting over the untimely taking off of Brown. The corpse was presumed to be still lying at Barnhart's door, but in this surmise the officers were mistaken. It was lying on a cooling board at Brown's house, and was surrounded by a great crowd of his friends and neighbors. The body was neatly dressed and was lying in one end of the room. There was a gaping wound in the left axillary region, and the blood was still oozing from the place were the charge of bird shot had entered the body of Ben Brown. Those surrounding the corpse were merely those neighbors who had gathered after the sympathetic and excited manner of the colored race, but none of them knew anything about the circumstances of the homicide.

Their hogs continued to get into our field and to give us great trouble, when on the fifteenth of September, while my husband was absent, I got a colored boy, a son of Mr. Arnold, my neighbor, to come over with the dogs and assist me in driving out the hogs. That night Brown followed me, applying the rifle names to my husband. Not satisfied with this, he returned the following morning and commenced his abuse again, when Mr. Barnhart ordered him off the premises. He refused to go, until he got ready, and cursed my husband. On the last Sunday in June he came again to our house, accompanied by his two grown sons, and wanted to fight my husband. Mr. Barnhart ordered him off the place, when he shook his fist under Mr. Barnhart's nose and dared him to fight. After he got tired of cursing and calling names he returned to his house.

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About a month or two ago Barnhart and Brown had a quarrel over their boundary line. Barnhart claimed that the line was in one place and Brown claimed that it was in another, and each blazed his line through the woods according to his judgment of its proper locality. This was the beginning of the strife which finally ended in the violent death of Brown. From this time on they were bitter enemies, and their quarrels entered into all their relations as neighbors. Finally, Mrs. Brown said, Barnhart shot one of their mules which happened to wander on his premises, and when accused of the deed by Brown, Barnhart said that they used to shoot people for such talk out in Colorado, when he was there, and he would shoot Brown. Every thing belonging to the Browns which strayed over on to the premises of Barnhart would meet with some rough treatment from him. Yesterday evening, a little before three o'clock, Brown had come home, and was engaged in greasing a wagon in the barn-yard when Barnhart fired on a flock of Brown's turkeys. The turkeys scattered in a wild manner and came scampering over into the Brown premises. Mrs. Brown called to her husband, "Ben, come here and see what Barnhart is doing to my turkeys!" Saying this she started towards the spot where Barnhart was, with the intention of securing the turkeys which she imagined Barnhart had killed. But on taking the second thought, she feared that Barnhart might shoot her, and returned to the house. Brown now told his wife that he was going over to talk to Barnhart and tell him that there was his in this country and he would have to live up to it. Mrs. Brown tried to prevent his going, telling him that Barnhart would kill him. But it was all to no purpose and the doomed man walked over to the house of his vengeful neighbor. Mrs. Brown stood in such a position that she could see everything that happened. She says that Barnhart, upon seeing Brown coming towards him, made a certain obscene motion and went into his house, Brown following after him. When Brown had reached a point about four or five feet from the door on the east side of the house, Barnhart's wife pushed the door open, and Barnhart thrust his gun out with a few words of Brown's breast and yell. Brown threw up his hands and yell. Mrs. Brown ran to his side as quickly as possible, the distance being some three hundred yards, but found her husband dead. Barnhart and his wife both came

out of the house and took a look at the body. Mrs. Brown upbraided them for killing her husband, and Barnhart turned away, upon seeing that his victim was dead, and started for the stable. He mounted a horse and rode off towards Dresden, which is about two miles from Sedalia. He then removed to the present residence of his family, and became the founder of the colored colony of which he was the center, and the members of which regarded him as their chief. He leaves a wife, two grown sons, and a grown daughter.

**JOSIAH BARNHART**

is sixty-five years old, and located on the farm adjoining Brown about five years ago, and had always lived amicably among his colored neighbors until last June, when his trouble with Brown arose. Barnhart and his wife are Quakers. They came from Ulster county, New York. They have five children, one of whom is the notorious Bill Barnard, alias Barnhart, and it was through his inducements that the old folks came out here. When they came, they found that William was the husband of the wretched woman, Lizzie Cook, and was running a house of ill-fame. Their mortification and shame was very great and they keenly felt the disgrace. Another son is a passenger conductor on some railroad in Texas. One daughter lives in New York. The other two girls are well known here but are without character. To the credit of Bill Barnard, be it said, he so far appreciated the position of his old father and mother as to change his name to his present form of Barnard. He is now in Leavenworth, where the notorious Liz Cook keeps a house of ill-fame.

In this connection it is proper to state with regard to the claims of the Barnharts that Brown was the perpetrator of the outrage when the window was fired into last September, that Barnhart caused the arrest of a man named Wilson for this act. Wilson was tried here before Squire Webber, and was discharged, the evidence being insufficient for his conviction.

### Col. Snoddy Interviewed.

About eight o'clock last evening Col. Snoddy, the well-known criminal lawyer, received a telegram from Mr. Barnhart, dated at Dresden, requesting him to come immediately to that point. In accordance with the telegram the Colonel left for that point, where he met Mr. Barnhart and spent the night in consultation with him.

Col. Snoddy came down from Dresden at 10:30 this morning and immediately proceeded to his office, where he was met a few minutes after by a Bazoo representative.

The reporter commenced the interview by asking the Colonel if he wished to make a statement for his client, to which he replied: "I don't know much about the case except what I learned from the defendant and what I have seen in the morning paper. I understand, though, that the trouble originated about the first of June, and since that time there has been a bitter feeling between the two."

"What did the trouble you speak of originate from?"

"About a boundary line, I believe. I understand from Barnhart that Brown fired through the window in their residence and came very near killing old Mrs. Barnhart."

"Was not a man named Wilson arrested for doing this shooting?"

"I learned that from the defendant this morning, but understand that Brown admitted to the defendant that he did it before he was killed yesterday."

"What do you think of your client's case?"

"I don't think I will have any trouble getting him out of it. I think, though, that he fired the shot a little too soon. He may be down here to-morrow, and can speak for himself."

"When does the examination take place?"

"Monday morning at 9 o'clock."

"Will it take place in this city or at Dresden?"

"At Dresden, before Squire Offutt."

"Why is it that the prisoner is not brought to this city?"

"Because I have made arrangements for him to stay at Dresden. He will be guarded there."

"Is there any bad feeling towards the prisoner?"

"No, not at Dresden, but the darkies who reside in the neighborhood of the shooting are very indignant and have made threats against the prisoner's life."

"Wouldn't he be safer in Sedalia?"

"No, sir, he is being guarded by people who will not allow him to be molested."

After answering this last question, the Colonel turned to his books and the reporter took his departure.

"Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 20 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness."

### Arrested by Telegraph.

Yesterday afternoon Chief of Police Shy received a telegram from E. D. Jones, operator and agent at Lewis station, to arrest a young man who would arrive here on a freight train at four o'clock, named M. E. King. The telegram was placed in the hands of Detective Jno. DeLong and Officer Masonhall, who, on the arrival of the train, took the young man in charge. He was taken to the station, where he was released from custody, the chief having received another telegram telling him to let King go.

The young man was very ignorant because of his arrest and says he will make it hot for Jones. King says he is a telephone operator by profession, and lives at Osage Mission, Kas